

# Marionettes Pocahontas Times.

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

Vol. 23, No. 13, published at Marionettes, West Virginia, Oct. 20, 1904.

Marionettes, Pocahontas County, West Virginia Oct. 20, 1904.

\$1.00 a Year

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## CERVICIDE.

A Big Deer Killed on Williams River.  
Started to Charleston but Annexed  
by Marionettes.

The open season for game be-  
gan last Saturday. Every body  
not chained to business was out  
with a gun. Even that astute  
lawyer, W. A. Bratton was seized  
with the fever and came in look-  
ing like a bandit. He did not  
even have a collar on.

A gun could be rented that day  
for a large sum of money, and  
the boy who owned one was blessed  
beyond all the sons of men.

They marched out of town in  
all directions. Some got a pheas-  
ant, each, others a squirrel, or a  
ground hog, and one got a Jay  
bird, who is about two months  
late in starting south. The ma-  
jority of the hunters got only a  
belly full of east wind.

Just as the hunters were return-  
ing from their fruitless search  
among the foot hills of the Green-  
brier River, there was delivered  
at the depot platform the carcass  
of a fine buck deer as ever  
stamped his foot.

The antlers rose full two feet  
above his head and curved to-  
gether. The deer had been killed  
on Williams River, purchased by  
Jas. W. Warwick, Jr., a mer-  
chant of Edray and was consigned  
to Bluesstein of Charleston.

The town immediately began  
to mutter and a riot very nearly  
ensued. Should Bluesstein of  
Charleston have a deer on the first  
day of the season and our own  
people be denied. With one ac-  
cord we rose up and girded up  
our loins and said, "No!" Blue-  
stein of Charleston, Ispstein of  
Baltimore and Klopstein of Cin-  
cinnati will look in vain for veni-  
son.

In other words we were going  
to have that deer.  
The people all said that the  
deer had been killed on the 14th  
and therefore was contraband and  
forfeited to the state and this  
they proceeded to verify.

Every hunter and every man  
hungry for deer meat gathered  
about the body on the platform  
and showed by the appearance of  
the eye and other infallible signs  
that the deer had been dead at  
least a week and therefore was the  
property of the State, liable to  
seizure and to be exposed for sale.  
Scientific men of the burg were  
called in but these doctors having  
been educated in Baltimore and  
Cincinnati among the Ispsteins  
and Klopsteins went back on the  
Independent State.

They called attention to the  
fact that vigor mortis had not set  
in. Nineteen hours had elapsed  
since the open season had be-  
gun. The muscles became  
rigid from 30 minutes to 36 hours  
and that the chances were that  
the deer had been killed on the  
15th.

The merchant was sent for and  
he came down and said he was  
perfectly willing to sell the car-  
cass to Marionettes—in fact had he  
not known that we wanted it—he  
would have been only too willing  
to dispose of it to his Marionettes  
friends.

We thereupon bought the deer  
and taking it to the butcher shop  
divided it up in small pieces and  
venison appeared on many break-  
fast tables Sunday morning, and  
this is how we got Mr. Bluesstein's  
deer.

In about two months from now  
if a big buck comes in we will al-  
low the foreigners to get it and  
eat it if it is not too strong for  
them. But in the first of the sea-  
son we will satisfy our craving for  
deer meat by fair means or foul.

"I See Your Finish!"  
Said Mr. Brown to Mr. Jones,  
when the latter was painting his  
house with Green Seal Liquid  
Paint. And for several years he  
continued to see Mr. Jones' finish.  
It was that beautiful finish that  
stays on after using "Green Seal."  
Is on the new at C. J. Richardson.

## A Home Beside the Sea.

The East River is not long, but  
it is wondrous wide and deep;  
more like an arm of the sea. This  
stream receives the waters of long  
Island Sound and conveys them  
to the Bay, thence to the mighty  
Atlantic Ocean. On one side of  
East River, the City front pre-  
sents a thick forest of ship masts  
of all sorts while the waters are  
crowded with marine business, a  
lively scene it was fifty years  
ago, and surely no less now, when  
my home lay along the bank on  
the Brooklyn side. "Pleasant pas-  
time and a speck of mental im-  
provement did my childish eye  
find it, to spell out the steamboat's  
names, ploughing midstream up to-  
wards the Sound, coming down  
probably at night, forever going;  
and fearful was my fancy as I  
thought of that danger always in  
the steamboat's way, viz: Hell  
Gate. I wondered if it was real-  
ly the entrance to those awful in-  
fernal regions where the wicked  
go.

In '49 or thereabouts, the fine  
ship Atlantic was cast by a storm  
upon Hell Gate's treacherous  
rocks and wrecked with great loss  
of human life.

The steamboat bell hung caught  
in some way and continued to ring  
mournfully long after men and  
women had sunk beneath the rag-  
ing waves. Mrs. S. S. Seymour,  
who was the Margaret Sangster of  
that day, verified this touching in-  
cident most beautifully.

Allow me to quote a line or  
two of the noble poem:

Toll, toll, toll! thou bell, by bil-  
lows swung,  
And night and day, the strange  
sad lore.  
Repeat with mournful tongue."

All remember that in after  
years the dangerous rocks of Hell  
Gate were blasted up, so remov-  
ing the dread of captains during  
terrible gales which the Atlantic  
Ocean loves to scatter broad cast  
and far. Yet in that Rock's life  
time no disaster the least degree  
equal to it occurred similar to the  
holocaust and wreck of the "Gen.  
Slocum," this recent summer in  
calm full day time! Man can  
foresee to some extent. Science  
can work astounding miracles,  
almost, yet little things done or  
unlone can hurry thousands of  
souls to indescribable death.

To watch that restless stretch  
of river-sea was a great delight of  
my childhood and could a little  
girl become a sailor it were a joy  
to me to serve apprenticeship be-  
fore the mast; but choice would  
have been for those tiny lovely  
row boats putting off from steps  
that were washed by the waves;  
pleasure boats with awnings over  
them and dancing up and down  
on the River's bosom, in danger  
of course while avoiding the large  
and various sea-craft about. On  
moonlit nights, the sweetest time,  
we often waited across the tide  
from these little boats. If I could  
only sail in one and dabble my  
hands in the water, how pleasant!

I never did for my careful par-  
ents knew what was right and  
best; how blessed children guided,  
guarded and restrained by now.

In my early days, but not now,  
for very many rolling years, there  
was on the Brooklyn side and close  
to home, a long sandy beach where  
the ocean tide ebbed and flowed  
statedly, we knew just when,  
and here was the play ground  
for a host of children. At low  
tide we ran over the white sand,  
impressing our names there as  
older people seek to leave theirs  
upon Life's shifting beach for the  
way of time to utterly obliterate  
top often.

Then we young ones would go  
far out on the rocks and pull the  
sea weed which clung and grew in  
clusters, a strange dark green ve-  
getation of the water that resem-  
bles common leaves, but inflated  
to the utmost; with the less clus-  
ters we would adorn our hair and  
arms and fancy ourselves mer-  
maids forever riding in the great  
wide murmuring sea. One day  
when play was at its highest, a  
whisper seemed to fill around to  
favorite ears and at once a look of  
earnestness and borrow. What was  
it? Of course all were most anxious



CAN IT LAST FOUR YEARS MORE?

to know and all did know. How  
often then and since as memory  
repaints the scene, the wish that  
I had not heard the secret or  
knowing had not followed, like a  
silly sheep, the crowd onward.  
Far at the other end of the beach  
cast up by the inflowing tide,  
lay a man drowned unto death.

And such a swollen livid loath-  
some sight one need see only once  
in a life-time never to forget. In  
my dreams at night the scene  
haunted me a long, long time,  
and even yet in old age it is easy  
to conjure up that poor drowned  
creature on the sandy beach.

A. L. P.

## Results.

Colors mixed with white pro-  
duce tints. "Green Seal" Paints  
produce satisfaction. For sale by  
C. J. Richardson.

## A Correction.

To the Editor of the Pocahontas  
Times:

Having read the announcement  
of the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Gay  
of Edray in your paper, I see  
quite a mistake. Mrs. Gay's  
grandfather was Eli Bobb Wilson,  
a Revolutionary soldier, got a  
pension from the Government un-  
til his death which occurred in  
1843 or '44 at Doe Hill, then  
Pendleton County, now Highland  
County. I lived there at the time  
of his death and was at his burial  
at Doe Hill. He was very old  
man. He was buried with mili-  
tary honors led by Col. Benjamin  
Hiner. I don't know what his  
age was I think he was upwards  
of 100 years. I think Wm.  
Thompson on Jackson's River a  
short distance below Vanderpool,  
Highland county has a record of  
his and some other old Revolu-  
tionary soldiers of that part of  
Virginia, some of them was at the  
wonder at York Town of Corn-  
wallis.

Eli Bobb Wilson married Miss  
Hannah Heptontall of Green-  
brier county, the grandmother of  
Mrs. Gay and also of my wife,  
Ruth Wilson. She was a very  
old lady and died some few years  
after the death of her husband E.  
B. Wilson. The Wilson you name,  
Sam'l, Wilson, was a brother of  
E. B. Wilson and was killed at  
Point Pleasant, he was shot  
through his powder horn. At  
that time they had flint-lock mus-  
kets and rifles and carried their  
shot pouches with their ammu-  
nition over their shoulders, and he  
was the Wilson that was killed at  
that battle.

Yours very respectfully,

BENJ. F. JACKSON.

## Paint Don't Prognosticate!

Don't put off painting until  
your house is ready to fall down.  
Do it now! "Green Seal" Paint is  
ready for you. For sale by C. J.  
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## Winter Storms

Play havoc with the house that  
is not protected by Green Seal  
Liquid Paint. For sale by C. J.  
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## LOCAL HISTORY NOTES.

### The Skirmish on Swago.

In Which Geo. Gay and McMillon  
are Killed—A Wartime Ballad.

The intention of this article is  
to preserve a few incidents that  
occurred in the year 1864, illus-  
trating how Union and Confed-  
erate scouts would sometimes have  
it on ground where they may have  
gone to school or played in boy-  
hood.

In June, 1864, a company of  
Unionists, were reported to be in  
the Swago neighborhood. George  
Gay, a younger brother of Cap-  
tain J. C. Gay, being at home on  
furlough from the main army,  
deemed it his duty to help hunt  
them up and capture or disperse  
them. With some other Confed-  
erates, George Gay aimed to sur-  
prise some Unionists believed to  
be at the old Rodgers homestead.  
It appears from subsequent infor-  
mation that Aaron Kee, Wm.  
Kennison, (Orderly Sergeant),  
Lum Silva, Moffett Rodgers and  
John Armstrong were near the  
Joe Rodgers house. Two of this  
party, Silva and Rodgers, wished  
Mrs. Fannie Rodgers. Silva's  
mother, to have their clothes  
washed and mended. While  
"Aunt Fannie" was thus occupi-  
ed at the wash tub and with  
smoothing irons, the visiting  
scouts retired to the woods near  
by, and, not dreaming of danger,  
were off their guard. Becoming  
very drowsy, after detailing Mof-  
fett Rodgers to act as picket, the  
party went to sleep, and such was  
the posture of affairs when  
George Gay passed near with his  
attention fixed on the dwelling  
high up the mountain side. When  
the picket challenged Gay to halt,  
Gay raised his gun while his com-  
rades dropped out of sight. While  
these squads were thus confront-  
ing each other, Armstrong was  
heard to call for ten men to flank  
the ridge. At this all the Con-  
federates, but Gay, went back to-  
wards the Joe Rodgers house at  
the foot of the ridge. Gay stop-  
ped in the open, fixed his pistol  
and was in the act of getting be-  
hind a tree where he could use  
his gun to a better advantage. At  
this moment three of the Union-  
ists fired at him and he fell mor-  
tally wounded.

The other Confederates came  
to the Joe Rodgers house and po-  
tified the rest of their party, all  
under the command of Lieut. Ed-  
win L. Beard, and they hastily  
withdrew to the east ridge to avoid  
the make-believe flanking party.  
John Armstrong had called for so  
loudly.

Upon reaching their desired po-  
sition on the east ridge, the Con-  
federates opened fire on the Ken-  
nison party, and there was a brief  
duel. One of Beard's men was  
named McMillon, who was ad-  
vised not to expose himself, but  
contrary to this warning, he un-  
covered himself, took deliberate

aim, and while in the act of doing  
so, a puff of smoke was seen on  
the opposite ridge, and McMillon  
fell mortally wounded. He was  
carried to the Aldridge home  
where he soon died.

George Gay was carried to the  
Joe Rodgers house where he died.  
Rev. Joshua Buckley took charge  
of the remains and had them bur-  
ied at the home graveyard near  
where the much lamented young  
soldier had been born and reared,  
two miles above Marionettes. This  
graveyard is not very far from the  
spot where Baker was slain by an  
Indian in 1786, a day or so before  
the Bridger boys were killed near  
the spot where McMillon breath-  
ed out his recklessly brave life,  
that June day, 1864.

In what I have seen and heard  
of the incidents occurring during  
the War between the States, there  
is one thing I consider much to  
the credit of our Pocahontas citi-  
zenship, and that is all apparent  
absence of a disposition to wreak  
revenge on the part of the present  
generation. So far there seems  
no feudist quarrels or animosities  
traceable to what may have occur-  
ed in wartime incidents. The  
people generally seem to have the  
good common sense to realize  
that for the most part it was a case  
where both were right in a meas-  
ure and both were mistaken like-  
wise, and both equally sincere in  
their sense of duty so far as ques-  
tions leading up to hostilities are  
concerned.

It is my impression that there  
is no people better prepared than  
our people to be open to the truth  
when presented for their mature  
and thoughtful consideration. I  
hope there may be millions of  
people with minds as open and  
ready for truth as our people, but  
none more so have ever come my  
way, and I hope and pray that I  
may never have reason to think  
or believe anything else about  
them as a general characteristic.

Believing that I have this type  
of mind to deal with, I feel that I  
run no risk of incurring the dis-  
pleasure of anyone when I say  
that in my studies of history, lo-  
cal and general, there is no social  
fact more marked or one more  
momentous in its consequences  
than the essential inequality of  
all classes and conditions of men.  
Take the constituency of all  
the races existing on earth and  
how apparent the inequality in  
power, capacity and requirements  
and the more one thinks along  
this line the more marvelous do  
all the inequalities appear. Any  
social action, based upon the as-  
sumption of equality, has proven  
to be mischievous.

If I am not grievously mistaken  
in what I have seen and heard of  
the trend of thought among Poca-  
hontas people, they have reached  
that point in mental and moral de-  
velopment as to realize that the  
18th century doctrine of essential  
equality may be something perni-  
cious in ethical or moral and  
political thought. The 18th cen-  
tury doctrine of essential equality  
has caused misfortune, misdirect-  
ed social effort, nourished false  
hopes, and has turned some influ-  
ential leaders in ethical and polit-  
ical thought from due considera-  
tion of facts of the utmost impor-  
tance.

But this doctrine of essential  
equality, as embodied in the Decla-  
ration of Independence, means  
that all men, whatever their grade  
of intelligence or the level of their  
social standing, have essentially  
equal rights to life, liberty and  
the pursuit of happiness. Men  
of every race, class and condition  
are unequal in power, capacity  
and requirements, but this accord-  
ing to 20th century thought does  
not and should not put them in  
varying attitudes before the laws  
of the land. It is my impression  
that among the first to open their  
minds to this idea of essential  
equality that the humblest indi-  
vidual man, no matter of what  
race or condition is as much en-  
titled to the protection of law in  
his person as the scientist, states-  
man or the billionaire, will be Poca-  
hontas people.

It is now several years ago that  
an incident fell under my notice

that stirred my feelings very deep-  
ly and put me to reflecting. A  
miscellaneous crowd was discuss-  
ing politics on a street corner. A  
stentorian voice exclaimed: "Who  
ever shows up the longest hunk  
of terbacker and the fullest bot-  
tle gets my vote, and don't you  
forget it!" This sentiment was  
cheered to the echo, and one could  
not help feeling what a pity that  
the friends of human liberty for  
three hundred years should con-  
test for the right of suffrage and  
strew two continents with uncom-  
mended graves in gaining a privilege  
to be bartered away for such a  
consideration.

The 20th century interpretation  
of the Independence declaration  
affords a gleam of hope that the  
blind giant may be restrained be-  
fore he looms with unrestrained  
force against the pillars of our  
American Temple of Liberty.

It looks as if a change may not  
be so far removed when matters  
have already progressed so far  
that the blue and the gray can  
toil side by side in our meadows  
and fields, meet in public places  
and as a jovial pastime recall the  
incidents of the war.

A Confederate and Federal  
scout not so long since were at  
work putting up hay and while at  
rest in the shade at noon had a  
merry time of it in telling each  
other of what happened at Frost  
in July, 1864, in a collision.

One of the parties had his cheek  
grazed by a pistol shot fired by  
the other. This one endeavor  
to retaliate by aiming to return  
the shot, but his gun missed fire,  
not farther apart than two or  
three fence panels. Another  
Confederate at the Gum house  
close by shot at a Unionist near  
the stable, and the Unionist in  
his attempt to shoot the Confed-  
erate just missed him, the shot  
striking the door frame.

In the melee another Federal  
scout at the same stable was  
wounded, whereupon he rolled  
over in the weeds, exclaiming in  
agonizing tones "O, I'm killed!  
I'm killed!" But when the trou-  
ble was over and the Confederate  
scouts had vanished, the wounded  
Unionist came to life again and  
got up from his bloody bed in the  
Spanish needles and burdocks,  
and found it was a slight wound at  
the point of one of his shoulders.

Upon leaving Frost the Union  
officer paid a citizen two dollars  
to pilot his command by a night  
way to McCutcheon's, and when

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